

APPLES OF EDEN

A PRIVATE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

Gathered from cowboys, college boys, and latino americanos by a liberal who does not believe that these choice morsels should be thrown out of American Literature because of their vigorous and unconventional language. After all, a manure pile by any other name would smell no better! And even a manure pile has its values.

A Prologue
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(Spoken by Miss Bella de Lancy, on her retiring from the stage to open a fashionable bawdy house.)

When cunt first triumphed (as the learned suppose)
O'er failing pricks, Immortal Dildo rose;
From fucks unnumbered still erect he drew,
Exhausted cunts, and then demanded new;
Dame Nature saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting pricks toiled after him ^{again};
The laxest folds, the deepest depths he filled
The juciest drained; the toughest hymens drilled.
The fair lay gasping with extended limbs
And unremitting cockstands stormed their quims.
Then Frigging came, instructed from the School
And scorned the aid of India-rubber tool.
With restless finger fired the dormant blood
Til Clitoris rose, shy, peeping through her hood.
Gently was worked this titillating art,
It broke no hymen, and scarce stretched the part;
Yet lured its votaries to a sudden doom,
And stamped Consumption's flush on Beauty's bloom.
Sweet Gamahuche found softer ways to fame,
It asked not Dildo's art, nor Frigging's flame.
Tongue, not prick now probes the central hole,
And mouth, not cunt, becomes prick's destined goal.
She always found a sympathetic friend;
And pleased limp pricks and those that could not spend.
No tedious wait, for laboured stand delays
The hot and panting cunt, which tongue allays.
The taste was luscious, though the smell was strong,
The fuck was easy, and would last so long.
Til wearied tongues found gamahuching cloy,
And pricks and cunts grew callous to the joy.
Then, dulled by frigging, by mock pricks enlarged,
Her noble duties Cunt but ill discharged.
Her nymphae drooped, her devil's bite grew weak
And twice two pricks might flounder in her creek,
Til all the edge was taken off the bliss
And Cunt's sole occupation was to piss.
Forced from her former joys, with scoft and brunt,
She saw great Arsehole lay the ghost of Cunt.
Exulting buggers hailed the joyful day,
And piles and hemorrhoides confirmed his sway.
But who lust's future fancies can explore
And mark the whimseys that remain in store?
Perhaps it shall be deemed a lover's treat
To suck the flowering quims of mares in heat;
Perhaps where beauty held unequalled sway
A Cochin fowl shall rival Mabel Gray,
Nobles be ruined by Hyaena's smile
And teats get short engagement from the Argyle.
Hard is her lot, that here by Fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;

Catch every whim, learn every bawdy trick,
And chase the new-born bubbles of the prick;
Ah, let not Censure term our fate "our choice,"
The Bawd but echoes back the public voice.
The Brothel's laws, the Brothel's patrons give,
And those that live to please, must please to live,
Then purge these growing follies from your hearts
And turn to female arms and female arts.
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign begin
Of all the good, old-fashioned ways to sin:
Clean, wholesome girls with lip, tongue, cunt, and hand,
Shall raise, keep up, put in, take down a stand;
Your bottoms shall by lily hands be bled,
And birches blossom under every bed.

Love

Nature, everywhere the same, imparts to man a lustful flame.
In Russian snow or Indian fire, all men alike indulge desire.
All alike feel passion's heat. All alike enjoyment greet.
So that whereso'er you go, still the same voluptuous glow
Throbs through every purple vein; thirsts enjoyment to obtain
'Mongst the dark or with the fair, Woman is empress everywhere.

The Origin of the Species

When Adam and Eve were first put into Eden,
They never once thought of that pleasant thing--breeding
Though they had not a rag to cover their front,
Adam sported his prick and Eve sported her cunt.

Adam's prick was so thick and so long--such a teaser;
Eve's cunt was so hairy and fat--such a breezer.
Adam's thing was just formed any maiden to please,
And his bollocks hung down very near to his knees.

Eve played with his balls and thought it no harm,
He fingered her quim and ne'er felt alarm;
He ticked her bobbies, she rubbed up his yard
And yet for a fuck, why, they felt no regard.

But when Mrs. Eve did taste of the fruit
It was then that her eyes first beheld Adam's root.
Then he ate an apple, and after he'd done't
Why then he first found out the value of cunt.

They say they made fig leaves, that's fiddle-de-dee,
He wanted a quim, and quite ready was she.
They gazed on their privates with mutual delight
And she soon found a hole to put jock out of sight.

Then Adam soon laid Mrs. Eve on the grass,
He popped in his prick, she heaved up her ass.
He wriggled, she wriggled, they both stuck to one tether
And she tickled his balls, 'til they both came together.

Since then, all her children are filled with desire,
And the women a stiff standⁱⁿ prick all require!
And no son of Adam will e'er take affront,
For where is the man who can live without cunt!

Amen

Oh, cunt is a kingdom, and prick is its lord
A whore is its slave and its mistress a bawd.
Her quim is her freehold, which brings in her rent,
Where you pay when you enter and leave when you're spent.

The Wanton Lass

There was a lass they called bonny Bet
With a jolly fat arse and a cunt black as jet;
Her quim had long itched and she wanted, I vow,
A jolly good fucking, but didn't know how.

She thought of a plan that might serve as the same,
That herself she might shag without any shame.
So a carrot she got, with a point rather blunt,
And she rammed it and jammed it through parts up her cunt.

She liked it so well that she oft used to do it,
'Til at length the poor girl had occasion to rue it.
For, one day, when amusing herself at this whim,
The carrot, it snapped, and part stuck in her quim.

She almost went mad with vexation at this.
Indeed, it was time; the poor girl couldn't piss.
The lass was in torture, no rest had poor Bet
So at last an old doctor she was forced to get.

The doctor he came and she told him the case,
Then with spectacles on and a very long face,
He bid her turn up, though she scarcely was able,
And pull up her petticoats over her navel.

Her clouts she held up, round her belly so plump,
And he gave her fat arse such a hell of a thump
That he made her cry out; though he did it so neat,
That away flew the carrot, bang into the street.

Now a sweep passing by, he saw it come down
Picked it up and he ate it and said with a frown,
"By Gawd, it's not right, it's a damned shame I say
That folks should throw buttered carrots away."

The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale where the thighs of a pretty girl meet.
Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it is not that nature has shed o'er the scene
The purest of red, the most delicate skin,
'Tis not the sweet smell of the genital hill,
Ah no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis because the last favors of woman are there
Which make every part of her body more clear.
We feel how the charms of nature improve
When we bathe in the spendings of her whom we love.

Sweet Valley of Venus, how calm could I rest
Deep, deep withathee, on the girl I love best.
When the throbs of fierce passion in ecstasy cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, are mingled in peace.

Cunt

Cunt is a greedy unsatisfied glutton
All women are ready to yield up their mutton
Finger them, fuck them, and do as you please
They have such an itching, you never can tease.
Thrust in your penis from morning 'til night,
Still they are ready to come with delight;
Of bollocks and all you could give them galore,
By God! They're so greedy, they cry but for more.
Fuck 'til your penis no longer will stand,
She still your bollocks will tease with her hand.
Rub it and dawdle it over again
Still she will have it, though writhing with pain.
Let it be long, or let it be thick,
Women are never contented with prick:
And when all their power and vigour are past
With prick in their hand, they will breathe out their last.

The Wise Lover

Woman and man whenever inclined
In mutual goodness pleasure find.
The lawful spouse 'tis sweet to embrace
In hopes of seeing a lengthened race,
But let who will the truth contest
Another's wife is still the best.

When I was young and slightly skilled,
In blisses womankind can yield
I loved the maid, I loved the piece
But as my wit and years increase,
I own the sweetest sport in life
Is to enjoy another's wife.

A virgin coy, with sidelong eye
Your mere approach at once will fly
Abhors your nasty hot desires
Nought less than marriage she requires.
Such maidenheads the wise detest
The adultery maidenhead's the best.

The vagrant nymph who sees her charms
And fills in turn a thousand arms
Besides the loss of gold and fame,
My set Priapus in a flame,
Such fire-tailed comets God confound!
A wife is always safe and sound.

The genial flame I've oft allayed
With buxom Kate, my chambermaid.
And dozens such as her, but found
Such sport with ill's beset around.
He who at liberty would rest
Will find another's wife the best.

A mistress kept at first is sweet,
And joys to do the merry feat
But bastards come and hundreds gone,
You'll wish you left her charms alone
Such breeding hussies are a pest
A neighbor's wife is far the best.

If you are rash, a wife at first,
May into horrid fury burst
"Sir, you shall rue throughout your life
The day you've kissed another's wife."
Reply, "My dear, this gives the zest
I always liked my neighbor's best."

Jove, I remember, when inclined
To feast himself on womankind
Though maids enough to him were free
Always preferred adultery.
He took the shape of bird or beast
And joyed in adultery's loving feast.

But while this naughty sport we sing
Who can forget our gracious King (George IV)
Him many a lady pleasure gives
For which her husband pay receives
God bless King George, his Majesty
Is patron of Adultery!

I own the dangers of the suit .
The sweetest is forbidden fruit,
And laws as thick as hairs are tight
Around this center of all delight.
This peril gives the highest zest,
And guarded hoard is sure the best.

The wandering nymph your purse desires
The chambermaid to rank aspires;
Your wife content with marriage dues,
All further license will refuse.
He who has put them to the test,
Must own his neighbor's wife's the best.

Queen Bathsheba

Grass widows and princes! A warning I sing
Of the sad wicked doings of David the King
With Bathsheba, wife of poor Major, Uriah
Who was bathing one day when the King chanced to spy her.

He was drinking upstairs and the weather was hot,
And her window was open, a thing she forgot
And the stark-naked beauty had not an idea,
That while she was washing, a creature could see her.

She and her little sister were sporting together
Enjoying the heat of the bright summer weather
They bathed in the fountain and while they were washing
Were romping all naked and leaping and splashing.

What man could resist such an awful temptation?
He forgot he was King of the Sanctified Nation.
He was filled with delight, and lewd admiration,
And was mad for the raptures of fierce fornication.

Beware of the Devil, who seldom lies sleeping!
So while she was washing and while he was peeping
The King's living sceptre grew stiff as a rod
"Nice mutton." Cried David, "I'll fuck her, by God!"

So calling a page, he desired him to go
And inquire all about her. He answered, "I know
The lady your Majesty's pleased to admire
She's the wife of the valorous Major Uriah."

His Majesty answered, "Go fetch her, be quick!"
Much conscience indeed has a stiff-standing prick!"
The page ran to call her; she put on a smock,
And hurried to wait on his Majesty's jock.

One touch to her hand, one word to her ear,
She fell on her back like a sweet willing dear--
He was frantic with lust, but she seized his erection
And put it at once in the proper direction.

She was girlish and lively, a heavenly figure
With the cunt of an angel, and fucking with vigour
He got her at once with child of a son
And he said a long grace when the swiving was done.

So the lady went home and she very soon found
Her belly was growing unluckily round.
"This is an honour," she said, "I could hardly expect.
Your Majesty now, must your handmaid protect."

"Never fear," cried the King, "I'll be your adviser
I'll send for the Major, and no one's the wiser."
So he sent for Uriah who speedily came
But unluckily, never laid hands on the dame.

King David was puzzled; he made the man tipsy,
But still he avoided the lewd little gypsy.
David laid out a new plot, and his wish was fulfilled
In the front of the battle, Uriah was killed.

Julien's Concert

Now music being the food of love, I thought that I would go
To Julien's concert, for I heard the price was very low.
It being nearly eight o'clock, I toddled in right quick
To hear the quadrille and to see great Julien shake his pr---
His little staff about, and I've been told by jokers
The ladies they do all agree he is the prince of pokers.
The ladies they were highly dressed ---naked, almost stark,
Their muslin hung thin enough to see the watermark;
I gazed on one, a beauteous maid, her smile was bright and sunny.
She'd a nice small mouth, and golden hair, and a fine full open
cunny.

Being so, I introduced myself to her so gentle;
She said she'd come there for an hour with something instrumental.
I gently sat down at her side while glowing like a fire,
The smile she gave me I must admit I really did admire.
Said she, "The band is going to play." Said I "I'll shake
the walls."

"Oh no," said she, "that's only when great Julien shakes his b---s.

Bunch of rosy locks, his staff so well displayed is,
He knows full well a good long piece is sure to please the ladies."
The names of all the instruments she then inquired about,
Especially of the long brass thing that kept sliding in and out.
The fingering of the double-bass she thought was rather slack,
And wondered Julien should engage a man who's got the clap---
Pers were an awful bore, and still she would insist on
By telling her who'd get the horn and who the cornet a piston.
She said she liked the clarinet, likewise the German flute--
You all know well such instruments as do the ladies suit.
The farty parts they were so off they almost made us start
And the bass tuba would come in just like a thundering fart
Or peal of thunder; but not quite so loud and dinny.
The French horn would pop in to join those other things so windy.
The place got overpowering; our ears were tired of drumming
Said she, "I feel I'm going. You'd better be a-coming."
She took my arm, we left the place, I acted as conductor.
I called a cab and on the road I freely furnished her with my ideas
of Julien's improvements,
And so wound up a grand duet with many pleasing movements.

The Good Nobleman

Respected near and far
There was a nooble
Marquis and Wallsend was the title that he bore,
Who left his brother swells,
To follow little girls
And tell 'em not to do it anymore.

Said he, "A man's affair
Isn't meant to go in there!"
And his lordship put his finger on the spot
But the wicked girls appalled
The nobleman and called
On God to paralyze each limb they'd got.

"You're private parts or cunny
Should not be lent for money.
"They're only meant to piss with." did he preach
His ears he almost doubted
When the little creatures shouted,
"God blind us into bloody corpses each."

"You always should endeavor
To stop a young man ever
On any grounds from creeping up behind."
And the noble thought he dreamed
When the little creatures screamed
"God stike us deaf, lame, dumb, and blind."

"You dissembling, bleeding, rotten,
Bloody, cankerous, misbegotten
Lump of shit rubbed over with a little spend!"
The little children cried,
For a cockstand they espied
Within the noble breeches of their friend.

They were tearing down his breeches
And his bitter cries and screeches,
And his blushes would have melted hearts of snow.
And the little creatures found,
When they dragged him to the ground,
That, while lecturing, he'd shot his noble roe.

Soldier's Return

Ross returning from the wars
Wearied 'out with wounds and jars
Tells the tale of blood and strife
War and suffering to his wife.
"Never mind, dear Ross," she said,
"Your tool is safe. Let's get to bed."

Tragedy

To his bed he went sleepy and drunk, Oh! Very!
He wanted to piss; felt about for the jerry,
Took up by mischance a big moustrap instead
Which snapped off, Alas! his old gentleman's head.

Tale of the Potter

Young Hodge he was a worthy wise
A potter he by trade
He fell in love with Martha Price.
She was a parson's maid.
This Hodge worked hard amongst his pans
His pots, his mugs, his delf;
He said, "A sad fate is a man's
When he is by himself.
Now soon I'll marry Martha Price
A nice snug home I've got.
The parson soon the knot shall splice,
And we'll both piss in one pot."
Then Hodge did make a pretty pot
And took it to his love.

Said he, "I've brought this pot to show
 I mean your love to prove.
 Now name the day, the happy day
 Whose night shall bring me bliss
 When your sweet cunt and my stiff prick
 Shall mingle in their piss."
 They married were within a week
 And Hodge was true in luck
 He took sweet Patty's maidenhead
 With his first vigourous fuck.
 Then in her arms he fell asleep,
 But started with affright
 And in the middle of his bed
 He sat up scared and white.
 "Oh love, oh love, I've had a dream,
 That caused me such a fright.
 I dreamed we both were in my shop
 And there I hugged you tight.
 I dreamed I went your cheek to kiss
 We romped with hugs and squeezes,
 When I knocked down the pots and pans
 And broke them into pieces."
 Then Martha answered with a laugh
 "No pots you've broke, good man;
 But much I fear this very night
 You've cracked a Patty pan.
 And from that night unto this day
 Hodge in that crack will pop
 A prick as thick as any brick
 But the crack he cannot stop.
 So maids beware! Heed well your pans
 With this my tale is ended:
 "If your pan is cracked by the prick of a man,
 It never can be mended!"

The Old Dildoe

The beds were all made in the bawdy house fine
 And the whores were rejoicing in gin and wine,
 And the old bawd herself, dressed out so gay
 Was making them drunk on Christmas day.
 And there was "Peg Watkins", the brothel's delight
 Got lewd on a cove, who was there that night.
 And she said to herself "If I don't have a go
 I'll content myself with the old Dildoe."

"Oh, I'm weary of drinking," Peg now did cry,
 "Come upstairs with me Joey, and have a shy."
 But Joey determined to stick to gin
 And wouldn't leave liquor to have "put in."
 Peg cursed him and told him to go to hell
 But drunk as a fart, from the chair he fell
 So away she ran with her blood in a glow
 Determined to try the old Dildoe.

To the old bawd's bedroom at once she went
To seize upon the implement.
She looked in the cupboard, she looked in the pot,
She searched high and low but found it not.
She rushed to the couch, she searched the bed
Underneath the pillow she spied its head
She seized it and cried, "Full well I know,
Far better than Joe is the old Dildoe."

She flew with the treasure into her room
(Its size was the handle of a broom)
Oh! what ecstatic moments she passed there
As she threw up her legs on the back of a chair.
Through each vein in her body the fire lurked
Surely and quickly the implement worked.
Face her, back her, stop her? No! No!
Faster and faster flew the old Dildoe.

Minutes soon passed and the hours flew by,
When suddenly there came a fearful cry,
Which was followed at once by a terrible scream
Which awoke the whores from their drunken dream.
They all jumped up in a hell of a fright,
In an empty gin bottle, they stuck a light;
And the old bawd herself away did go
To look after the safety of the old Dildoe.

But the old bawd very soon did return
With a look of pain and of deep concern.
For her heart was filled with a dire remorse
As she told the whores of her fearful loss
She questioned them all and implored them to tell
Where the treasure had gone that she loved so well;
When one of them said, "I think I know.
Peg Watkins is using your old Dildoe!"

Away they all flew to Peggy's room,
But oh! 'Twas filled with smoke and fume,
And a terrible stench came forth from the bed,
Where poor Peggy lay all burnt and dead.
Sad, sad was her fate when instead of a fuck,
With the old Dildoe she had tried her luck.
And when at the long digs she so hard did go,
It caught fire with the friction--the old Dildoe!

Birdie

He was a bloody sparrow
Lived up a bloody spout
There came a bloody thunderstorm
And washed the bugger out.

But in a bloody minute
It stopped, the bloody rain,
And the bloody little sparrow
Went up the spout again.

Sweet Alice

Oh do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with cunt soft and brown;
How she'd grin with delight when you gave her a quid
And how quickly she'd fetch a prick down?
The girl has now gone to decay, Ben Bolt
That soft luscious quim is now dry.
And that lump of delight is a bag of dry bones
That wouldn't please you Ben, nor I.
Had she stuck to the Navy, I vow, Ben Bolt,
She'd be alive and kicking today
But a bloody big soldier got round our poor girl
And turned the poor moll into clay.
He gave her no cash, but he gave her the pox
He fucked her while we were away.
And true to his set, he fucked her to death,
And he often got in the back-way.
Now she is dead, and he's off abroad,
There that cuss had just better stay.
For if he comes near me, my toe in his arse
Will remind him of our comrade's play.

Social Security Song

"When Father's Sixty-five, It'll be Pretty Soft for Mother"

Irish Rose

There was an old Irishman, who in England did dwell,
He had a young daughter, a very fine gal.
Now, he, he was rich in silver and gold,
And she, she was sweet sixteen years old.
They were out walking in the garden one day,
To him she did whisper, to him she did say,
"Oh father, oh father, I'd love to be wed,
I love to be screwed on a new feather bed."
"Oh daughter, oh daughter, you'd better wait o'er,
You'd better stay single a year or two more.
Your frame is too tender, your skin is too thin,
Your box is too small, no pricks could get in."

"Oh father, oh father, you're a liar I know,
For I've tried my young handsome two, three days ago."
"Oh daughter, oh daughter, you drive me to shame,
I'll spank your little assey all over your frame."
His daughter he caught her, her ass he spanked well,
Now take your young handsome and damn him to hell!

Goop Verses

Horace Witherspoon G. Bates
Sits all day and masturbates.
 Revelling in its evil thrills,
 Heedless of all future ills.
Goops who trifle with their tails,
Land in hospitals and jails.

Mary Elizabeth G. Cowles
Could not stand the thought of bowels.
 Fainted when she had to do
 Just a teeny number two.
Goops who neglect their defecation,
Die of chronic constipation.

Rufus Jennings Q. O'Brien
Tried to masturbate a lion.
 Trifling with the kingly cock,
 He was ripped from head to hock.
For Goops who monkey with Old Leo,
Gloria, in excelsus Deo.

Whorehouse Days

Born in a whorehouse, raised as a slave,
Drinkin' and fuckin' is all that I crave.
Bustin' out windows, breakin' down doors,
Tradin' good women for broken down whores.
Come on Madge! Make me a toddy!
I want to get drunk and fuck everybody!

Here comes Old Claire, the slimy bitch,
With ulcered tongue and the seven-year-itch.
Green matter grows between her toes,
And slimy snot runs from her nose.
Before I'd lie between those thighs
And suck those cancered teats,
I'd drink one pint of buzzard puke
And bathe in liquid shit.

The Cardinals Be Damned

Chorus:

The Cardinals be damned boys, the Cardinals be damned.
The Cardinals be damned boys, the Cardinals be damned.
If any Stanford son-of-a-bitch don't like the Blue and Gold,
He can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the Bear's ass-hole.

Verses:

Harvard's run by Princeton, Princeton's run by Yale,
Yale is run by Vassar, Vassar's run by tail.
Stanford's run by ten-inch prick, they say it's raised by hand
The masturbating sons-o-bitches, the ass-holes of the land.

If I had a little girl I'd dress her all in green
And send her down to Stanford to coach the Cardinal team,
But if I had a little boy I'd dress him all in Blue
And he'd shout to hell with Stanford like his daddy used to do.

Come listen all ye maidens, come listen unto me,
Never trust a Stanford man an inch above your knee.
He'll take you down to Menlo and fill you full of fizz,
And inside of half an hour your maiden head'll be his.

If we find a Stanford man within our sacred walls,
We'll take him up the big C hill and amputate his balls,
And if that doesn't hold him, I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

Here's to Tiny Thornhill, the dirty son-of-a-bitch,
I hope he dies with clap and siph combined with the seven-year-itch.
Taking his cock as a radius, dissecting his balls in space,
You can prove by the law of limits, that his ass resembles his face.

I wish I had a cock of steel and balls of solid brass
I'd find a marble statue and ram it up it's ass
I'd breed a race of giants to roam throughout the land
To swell the mighty chorus of the Cardinals be Damned.

The Saga of the Swede

Ay vas yust wan Swede called Ole
And ay want for dress up nice,
So ay go by wan close shop
Yust to ask for some advice.

So ay go inside the joint
And dot guy yump right up and down
Say he sell da bes' dam closes
Vat dey got in das har town.

He vas show me some new panses
Vit van zipper for make pee,
An' ay tank, by yimpin gudeness
Dat look purty good to me.

So ay feel so galdarn dress up
Dat ay tank ay look all right
Ay talafone may Olga
Ay make date wit hur wan nite.

And ay tank dat wit dat zipper
All fix up for work so slick,
Ay skall go to vork on Olga
If she let me, purty quick.

So,----Ay fool around a little
An' she say she tank she might,
So ay start for vork may zipper,
'Cause ay tank it vork all right.

Ay vas reach for find dat handle
Yust for give it wan gude yerk
An' vot you tank? Dat galdarn ting
Ay couldn't make it vork.

An' Olga she vas all cool off
Ay lose van dam gude chance,
So from now on, ay tell you
Ay have buttons on may pants.

Don't

you

tank

dat

gude

One-ball Riley

When we sat in old Riley's store,
Telling tales of blood and slaughter;
Came the thought into my mind,
Why don't I shag old Riley's daughter?

Refrain:

Tiddley-I-ee, tiddley-I-oo.
Tiddley-I-ee for one-ball Riley,
Rig-a-jig jig, balls and all,
Rub-a-dub dub, shag on!

I grabbed the old wench by the arm,
And then I threw the left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

Refrain:

Came a knock upon the door,
Who should it be but her Goddamned father;
Two horse-pistols in his hands,
Looking for the guy that shagged his daughter.

Refrain:

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Rammed those pistols up his ass,
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Refrain:

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
There goes that Goddamned son-of-a-bitch,
The guy that shagged old Riley's daughter.

Refrain:

Deah Old Britain
Tune: The Little Brown Jug

Hore-Belisha stands for war--
Then we have Sir Samuel Hoare.
But can they save the country yet
With a couple of Hoares in the cabinet?

Refrain:

Ha Ha Ha! He He He!
Go and lobby your M. P.
Ask him if he's ready yet
To pull the chain on the cabinet?

Then we have Sir Earnest Brown--
If you try to speak, he shouts you down.
But can they save the country yet
With a little bit of Brown in the cabinet?

Refrain:

How long has the chamber lain
Without being emptied down the drain?
But can they save the country yet
With a Chamberlain in the cabinet?

Refrain:

Bell-bottomed Trousers

Once I was a lady's maid down in Drury's lane
My mistress she was good to me, my master was the same.
Along came a sailor as merry as could be,
And he was the cause of all my miserie.

Refrain:

Singing bell-bottomed trousers; coats of navy blue,
He'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.
Sea bags on his shoulder, hair upon his knee,
That's the kind of Sailor that I like to sleep with me.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief to tie about his head.
And I like a silly girl thinking it no harm,
Climbed into the sailor's bed to keep the Sailor warm.

Refrain:

Early in the morning about the break of day,
He handed me a 5-pound note and this to me did say,--
"Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son,
But take this my darling for the damage I have done.

Refrain:

If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea.
The moral to this tale so far as I can see,
Is never let a sailor put his hand above your knee.

Refrain:

The Bastard King of England
(A version of Rudyard Kipling's famous
poem which is commonly sung by American
college boys.)

Oh the minstrels sing of a Bastard King
Who lived long years ago--
He ruled his land with an iron hand
And a mind that was weak and low.
His hair was long and wooly
And his beard was full of fleas
And he had one helluva, helluva jock
That hung below his knees.

Chorus:

All, Hail, the Bastard King of England!

Now the only garment that he wore
Was a leather undershirt.
He wore the hide to hide the hide,
But it didn't hide the dirt.
He loved to hunt the royal stag
That roamed the royal wood
But of all the sports he loved the best
To pull the royal pud.

Oh the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And a comely wench was she
But she loved to play with the terrible tool
Of the King across the sea.
So she sent a royal message
By a royal messenger
To ask the King to come to Spain
To spend the night with her.

Now Phillip of France, he shit in his pants
He turned and said to his court
"My God! She loves the Bastard just
Because my tool is short."
So he sent the Count of Siphylssap
To give the Queen the clap
To pass on to the Bastard King
And trap our dear Old England.

When the news of this disaster
Reached the merry English Halls
The King he swore by the crown he wore
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom
And a crack at Queen Hortense
And a pot of gold to the knight so bold
Who would nut the King of France.

Thus the royal Duke of Suffolk
Betook himself to France,
He swore he was a fruiter

And the King pulled down his pants.
Then around his prong he threw a thong
And merrily, merrily galloped along
And dragged him back to the shores of merry England.

Well, the King threw up his breakfast
And he wallowed on the floor
For in the ride, King Phillip's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
The ladies of the kingdom all came down to London town
They gazed on the Frenchman's pride and said--
"To hell with the British Crown!"

Thus Phillip of France usurped the throne:
His only sceptre was his bone
With which he overruled the King of England.

A Village Fantasy

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village 'alf-wit sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
An' a-catching it in his hat.

Natural History

The camel's carnal desires
Are greater than a person thinks
For when fired with amorous passion
He tries to make love to the Sphinx

But the Sphinx's posterior opening
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

'Ray for Wisconsin!

Go out among the willows
Swell out your breasts like billows
And let your pudgy buttocks sway.
For on the shores of Lake Mendota
The gals all get their quota
In the good old fashioned way.

Betty Coed: A Parody

Betty Coed has gone to bed with Harvard,

Betty Coed has slept with Yale's whole crew,

Betty Coed has put the blocks to Princeton,

Her dress I guess was raised by old Purdue.

Betty Coed 's a deal with Pennsylvania

Fondling her tits is South Dakota's joy 'tis said.

Betty Coed was made by every college boy.

But I'm the one that got her maidenhead.

Put on Your Old Green Bustle

Put on your old green bustle,

And get out and hustle

For the rent is far past due.

Plant your fanny in the clover,

Let the boys look it over

If you cant take five, take two.

Get Out the Old Blue Ointment

Get out the old blue ointment

It's the crab's disappointment.

Take a bath three times a day.

Holy moses how it itches!

But it gets the sons-a-bitches

In the good old fashioned way.

Put on the Old Pink Panties

Put on the old pink panties

That used to be your auntie's,

And we'll go rompin' in the hay.

Now there's no need startin' duckin'

For your goin' to get a fuckin',

In the good old fashioned way.

A Wish

If I had the prick of a stud horse,

And the balls of a big buffalo,

I would climb to the top of the mountain

And piss on you all here below.

Prison Life

In the prison cell I sit
With me fingers in me shit,
Watching bedbugs playing shinny on the floor.
And the hair is growing thick
From me asshole to me prick,
And I'll never see me ballicks any more.
And the ladies as they pass
See me bare and naked ass
And the shadow of me bunghole on the floor.
Then I'll let a blowing fart,
Blow the prison walls apart
And I'll never join the army anymore.

School Days

School days, school days,
Good old golden rule days
First you get blue balls and then you get clap,
And then you get hell from your mammy and pap.
And then to the doctor you must go,
And get old John wrapped up in calico.
When you wrote on my slate,
"I burnt you so"
When we were a couple of kids.

A Moorish Fantasy

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,
The best night of the year
And all the eunuchs were happy
For their guts were full of beer.
Then the Sultan's voice rang out aloud
Through those ancestral halls,
"What'll you have for Christmas boys?"
The eunuchs all said, "Balls!"

Birdie

There was a little bird
With a belly full of terd,
Who flew to a telegraph pole.
There he ruffled up his neck
And he shit about a peck,
Then he closed up his little asshole.

When She Wore Her Teddies

When she wore her teddies
Her little pink teddies,
And I wore my underclothes,
First I caressed her
And then I undressed her,
Oh boy! what a figure she exposed!
Her tits they were beauties,
They had tips like red rubies
And down where the soft hair grows,
It was half past eleven
When she said she was in heaven
And I whitewashed her little red rose.

The Big Black Bull

The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Houston, Sam Houston.
The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Long years ago.
Long years ago--oh--oh--oh
Long years ago.
The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Long years ago.

He wiped his ass on a white oak sapling,
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He saw a heifer grazing in a pasture,
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He missed his mark and he pfftt on the ground,
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

His cock went limp and his balls were a-draggin',
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

The big black bull went back exhausted,
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

The Boar

Of all the beasts that roam the wood
I'd rather be a boar.
I'd climb upon some old sows back
And fuck for evermore.

A Little Girl in Yellow

A shady nook,
A babbling brook,
A little girl all dressed in yellow.
A little bliss
From this sweet miss,
He was a lucky fellow!

Nine days passed by,
He heaved a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow.
Two pimples pink
Lay on his dink
And there'll be more tomorrow.

Nine months passed by,
She heaved a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow.
Two ugly mutts
Lay in her guts,
And they'll be out tomorrow.

More days passed by,
She still did sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow.
Two little shits
Were at her tits,
And he got fucked, poor fellow!

Redwing

There once lived an Indian maid,
Who always was afraid,
That some buckeroo
Would slip it up her slough
As she lay sleeping, dreaming in the shade.
She had an idea grand.
She filled her box with sand,
So no buckeroo
Could make a pass at her,
And reach the promised land.

Now the sun shines bright 'round pretty Redwing.
As she lies sleeping,
There comes a-creeping,
A cowboy brave with eyes a-gleaming
His cock a-standing,
With promised joy.

We're a Bunch of Bastards

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth.
We're from the U. of C.,
The asshole of the earth,
And all the Universe;
Oh, we're a bunch of fairies,
Morphodites are we.
We'd rather fuck than fight
For victory.

The Sow

Of all the beasts that roam the wood,
I'd rather be a sow.
I'd curl my tail above my back,
And say, "Hop to it now!"

A Young Cowboy

I jumped in my saddle
And went to my doc.
He pulled down my pants,
And out went my cock.
He examined it carefully,
I said it was sore.
He said, "You've been fucking
That damned little whore."

Invitation

Come over to the bunkhouse,
It's nice and shady there.
The wind blew up the side of her snatch,
And tickled her curly hair.

Contempt

Tickle my hairy belly,
Smell of my slimy slough.
Then kiss my ass, you son-of-a-bitch,
I'm one of the whorey crew.

Now this buckeroo was wise,
So he pried in between her thighs,
He put a gum boot
On the end of his root,
And he opened up Redwing's eyes.
Little Redwing came to life
And grabbed her Bowie knife,
With one quick pass
She cut the balls from his ass,
And now this cowboy's through.

Now the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing;
As she lies snoring,
There hangs a warning.
Two cowboys balls are now adorning
The flap on
Her wigwam door.

Little Ball of Yarn

One sunny day in June
When the flowers were in bloom,
And the birds were singing gaily on the barn;
I met a pretty miss
And I simply asked her this,
"Can I weave it in that little ball of yarn?"

She gave me her consent
So behind the fence we went
Not a-knowin' that we had so many charms;
There I laid her on the ground
And I lifted up her gown,
And I weve it in that little ball of yarn.

It was nine days after that
In the doctor's chair I sat
Not a-knowin' that she done me any harm;
And the doctor there in white
Said "Young man you've got to fight!
You've been weaving in that little ball of yarn."

It was nine months after that
In the same damned room I sat
Not a-knowin' that I done her any harm;
And the officer in blue,
Said, "Young man I'm after you.
You've been weaving in that little ball of yarn."

Red Hot Cowboy

Rippity-shit! And away she went
The crack of her snatch got red as a cent.
And every time I hit the root,
It made her old ass go rootity-toot!

Admiration

Said the little red hen
To the big black duck,
"You look like hell,
But you sure can swim!"

Small Fry

Fire in the mountains, run boys run,
Girls in the bushes having lots of fun.
Up with the petticoats, down with the breeches,
In with the pollywogs, sixteen inches!

Resurrection

Fire in the mountains, snakes in the grass,
An old man died with a cob up his ass.
The cob flew out and the wind blew in,
And the old man came to life again.

Africa

A monkey and a baboon, sitting on a binder,
The monkey stuck his finger up the baboon's hinder.
The baboon said, "God Damn your soul!
Stick your fingers up your own asshole!"

Sidewalks of New York

East Side, West Side,
All around the town
The boys and girls are playing
"Stick your finger up your brown."
Johnny got excited
And slipped Marie the pork,
And now she's carrying a baby
On the sidewalks of New York.

The Big Game

The game was played on Sunday,
 'Twas in St. Peter's yard;
Jesus, He played halfback,
 And Moses, he played guard.
The angels on the sidelines,
 Their voices they did blend
When Jesus made a touchdown
 Around St. Peter's end.

Refrain:

Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!
Jesus on the one yard line,
He can tackle Goddam fine.
Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!
Hold 'em! Poke 'em! Jesus, soak 'em!
Hold 'em Christ!

Jesus tried a placement,
 While Moses held the ball;
The boys from Heaven determined
 To stop Hell's forward wall.
But Jesus missed the placement,
 The kick didn't go so well;
The Devil got by Moses,
 And blocked it all to Hell.

Refrain:

Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!
The Devil, he did block that kick;
He got in there Goddam quick.
Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!
Hold 'em! Poke 'em! Jesus, soak 'em!
Hold 'em Christ!

Poems

Arthur Guiterman

No tree of timber, bark and phloem
Is half as lovely as a poem.

A poem beautiful and grand,
If somewhat hard to understand;

A poem full of words, and scores
Of similes and metaphors;

A poem that is true and fine,
And sends a thrill along the spine;

A poem musical and sweet,
With rhyme and rhythm quite complete,
That may be sung both high and low,
And broadcast on the radio.

Trees? Nonsense! Any fool can grow 'em;
But it takes brains to write a poem!

Take Care with Whom you Walk, Son
Pearl M. Nelson

Take care with whom you walk, Son,
In the soft, bright light of the moon.
There is danger, and pleasure divine, lad,
In the soft, bright light of the moon.
When each leaf is a black silhouette, lad,
In the soft, bright light of the moon,
A girl's face turns angel
In the soft, bright light of the moon.
A girl's two eyes are deep cool pools
In the soft, bright light of the moon,
Where you'll want to swim till you die, lad,
In the soft, bright light of the moon;
And her sweet, red lips that look like love
In the soft, bright light of the moon
Can draw your own till you're mad as day
In the soft, bright light of the moon;
But those two pale hands that cling so frail
In the soft, bright light of the moon
Can grasp like iron in the light of day.
So take care how you walk, Son,
In the soft, bright light of the moon.

¡Viva la Republica!

Si pública es la mujer
Que por puta es conocida,
República viene a ser
La puta más corrompida;
Y siguiendo el proceder
De esta lógica absoluta,
Todo aquél que se reputa
De la Republica hijo
Viene a ser, a punto fijo,
El hijo de una gran puta.

El Carajo

¡Ay que palabra! A su inventor bendigo,
Que tanta dicha a los mortales trajo,
Cuando inspirado por celeste musa dijo,
¡Carajo!

El extranjero, la primera palabra
Que aprende y dice sin ningún trabajo
Es la celeste interjección de España,
Es el Carajo.

The Thing

Pussy is a funny thing,
It makes a man a fool.
It takes away his worries
And wears away his tool.
When a man gets on a woman
And hasn't long to stay;
His head is full of nonsense
And his ass is full of play.
Though he gets on like a lion,
He gets off like a lamb;
And when he buttons up his pants
He isn't worth a damn.

What the Girls of Different Nationalities Say After Having been Indiscreet:

The Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."
The Spanish Girl: "I will love you forever."
The Swedish Girl: "Ay tank ay go home, ay vant to be
alone."
The Russian Girl: "You have my body, but my soul is free."
The German Girl: "After we rest, we go to a beer garden,
no?"
The English Girl: "'Twas nice, may we do it again
sometime?"
The French Girl: "Oui, Monsieur, now you will buy me
a beautiful dress?"
The American Girl: "Jesus Christ, I must have been drunk!
What did you say your name was?"

The World's Shortest Love Story

Once upon a girl a boy had a time.

Epitaph

Here lies the body of Screwiey Dick,
Who was cursed from birth with a corkscrew prick.
He spent all his life in a fruitless hunt
In search of a girl with a spiral cunt.
When he finally found her, he dropped down dead,
For the Goddam thing had a left-hand thread.

California Engineers' Yell

Piss once! Piss twice!
Holy jumpin' Jesus Christ!
Son-of-a-bitch! Goddam!
STANFORD! SHIT!

Don't Be Misled

He tried me on the sofa
He tried me on the chair
He tried me on the window sill
But couldn't ge it there.
He tried me lying on the couch
I stood against the wall,
I even sat upon the floor
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried in this and that way,
Oh, how I did laugh
To see how many ways he tried
---to take my photograph.

A Toast

Here's to the American Eagle,
That wondrous bird of prey;
Who lives and breeds in Illinois
And shits in Ioway.

To Rest

Here's to a moment of sweet repose
Tummy to tummy, toes to toes
After a moment of sweet delight
It's fanny to fanny the rest of the night.

To Eve:

Here's to Eve the Mother of our race
Who always wore the fig leaf in the right place.
Here's to Adam the Father of us all
Who was Johnny-on-the-spot
When the leaves began to fall.

To a Sweetheart:

Here's to you sweetheart
May you live as long as you want
And want as long as you live.
And if you want and I'm asleep wake me,
And if I don't, damn it make me.

Boredom

I'm tired of all this virtue
I'm tired of all this sin
I'm tired of all wines and whiskies
Of all the beer and gin.
I'm tired of the Big Apple
I'm tired of this Truckin'.
And after last night
Am I tired, Oh Boy!

"Here They Ah!"
Amos and Andy

Andy--Amos, I's in trouble again.

Amos--What's the matter now, Andy?

Andy--Well, Amos, you know Madam Queen and I been
keepin' company for a long time, and I hates to tell you,
Amos, but we has been havin' recourse.

Amos--Well, I'll be doggoned, ain't that sumpin'?

Andy--Yeah, and things is bad now, Amos, cause the Madam
hain't demonstrated for three months. Today I takes her to
the doctor and that old saw-bones charged me \$2 and skairt de
life out of me by saying de Madam was fragrant.

Amos---Um, um, you sho is in a mess now. What you gonna do?

Andy--Well, the doctor he say I is going to take de Madam to a fraternity home.

Amos--Well, I'll be doggoned, what you mean, fraternity home?

Andy--Amos, you sho is dum. Now I'll resplain the propolition to you. A fraternity home is where they takes people that am fragrant, fix 'em so they dun demonstrate and put 'em in shape for recourse again.

Amos---Um, um, ain't that sumpin'?

A Street Car Comedy

A lady about seven months pregnant got on a street car and sat next to a man. She noticed him smiling. Being humiliated, she changed her seat. This time his smile changed to a grin. She changed her seat again. He seemed more amused than ever. When, for the fourth time she changed her seat, he burst out laughing. She could not bear it any longer and complained to the conductor and had the man arrested. The case came up in court and the judge asked the man if he had anything to say. "Well, your honor, it was like this," he replied.

"When the lady sat beside me I could not help but notice her condition and she sat under a sign which read "Use Sloan's Linament to reduce that swelling," and I had to smile to myself. Then she moved under a sign which read "Gold Dust Twins are coming." This made me grin. Then she moved under the sign, "William's Stick did the trick," and I could hardly hold myself, and when she moved for the fourth time and sat beneath the sign which read "Goodyear Rubber would have prevented this accident," I just laughed out loud."

"Case dismissed," said the judge.

Hay Fever (From Scribner's Magazine)

We are always more or less irritated with other people's sex life, and at a loss to understand two other people fraught with desire under the elms. Our own necking seems entirely normal, but all other snugglers seem a little out of their heads, if not even slightly disgusting. It is always a little bit nauseating to imagine Jim and Betty in the boudoir together. We should never try.

As I write this, I find myself carrying this loathing-for-the-other-fellow's-sex-life into the very world of plants.

There are a lot of locust trees outside my window, lush with the mating instinct. I am actually sickened by their unabashed effort to reproduce--under my very nose. Their rich pollen, perhaps sweetly odoriferous to many people, is repugnant to me. I am torn from stem to stern with violent hay fever as a result of the floating, flying, ubiquitous love powders of those damned locust trees or something else in the vicinity.

Maybe only God can make a tree, but I wish He could make new little baby trees without tearing the lining out of my nasal tract clear down to my diaphragm. I wish He had put trees on feet or wheels so that they could get about at night and mate like the rest of us instead of broadcasting their amour dust into the air for miles around and into my pathological nostrils.

Society Women are Immoral

A colored woman was applying for a new place to work. When asked why she left her former place, she replied: "Yessum, dey paid good, but dat was de mos' rediklus place I'se ever been. Deys plays a game dey call bridge, an' jes as I was fixing to bring in de refreshments, I hears a man say to a woman: 'Take yo' hand off my trick!' I jes pretty near dropped dead, when bless my soul, I hears annuder man say: 'Lay down, and les see what you got;' an den annuder lady say: 'You got length but yo' ain't got strength!' Well, I jes up an' gets my hat, 'cos' I knows dat place ain't fo me, an' jes as I am leaving, I hopes to die if a man didn't say: 'Well, I guess I'll stop now, as dis am de last rubber.' An' doggone if she didn't say: 'Lay down your dummy an' let me play with it.' NO'm--I'se a lady, an' I jes couldn't stay dar!"

The Ballad of the Spurned Sperm (or The Egg that was Poached)

Once a little sperm did see
An egg in his proximity;
And having nothing else to do
Decided he the egg would woo.

He flicked his tail and darted straight
Toward the egg, to propagate
The race of which he was a part;
And so he swam with happy heart.

Alas, when on the scene he came
He spied another sperm with same
Intent and purpose swimming there,
And heavy tension filled the air.

He eyed his rival scornfully,
But then he eyed him mournfully.
For plainly could our sperm discern,
His rival was a better sperm.

But unafraid our hero said:
"Begone before I strike you dead!"
His rival leered and rushed at him,
And there ensued an awful din.

With bodies locked in fierce embrace,
They strove to smash each other's face;
And cytoplasmic bits did fly,
As each at each spat in the eye.

These mighty mites fought half the night,
When suddenly they ceased to fight;
For lo! they did a sight behold
Which left their bodies strangely cold.

Their lady fair was gone, you see;
They gazed upon vacuity;
The fickle egg had scrambled off
To wed a somewhat tougher toff.

Our hero bade his former foe
A fond adieu, and then with slow
Sad strokes he swam until
A sudden thought his head did fill.

"Bah!" cried he, "and why should I
Sit 'round and mope and pine and sigh;
And think of all that I shall miss
While he enjoys connubial bliss."

"For I am young, and strong, and free,
And still have my identity,
While he is now a diffuse mass
Within that protoplasmic lass."

In happier mood he swam away,
Singing a spermy roundelay,
Carving a tiny foamy path
With his little aftermath.

Chorus

Spermy wermy plug away,
You may win another day,
And become a Greek or Jap,
You cute potential homo-sap.

The Ballad of the Spurned Sperm II

Once again we sing the story of the sad and melancholy
Circumstances that attended the adventures of the sperm
Who, though willing to be plighted, found his love was unrequited
And responded to such treatment with thickened epiderm.

And the more he thought it ova, why, the more he thought it ova,
And he came to the conclusion that he'd picked a fickle gal;
So to sublimate his rancor, he pulled up the well-known anchor,
And began an exploration of the genital canal.

Over hills and over valleys, with his trusty gun and camera,
This young Lochinvar attempted to forget his sweetheart-ex.
But it brought him little solace, so exclaiming "Das ist alles!"
He curled up behind some rugae to philosophize on sex.

"Oh I wish I could recover the security and comfort
Of the days when I was just a gay and happy spermatid.
But, impelled by carnal urgin', I renounced my status virgin,
And went out to see the seamy side of life--I'll say I did!"

"Take me back to the seclusion of the land of maturation,
Where the temperature is lower and a man could raise a thirst.
Let me sit there by the hour reading Arthur Schopenhauer
Till I'm old and lean and haggard--and I dehydrate or burst."

In such agonizing grief did this poor sperm bewail his fortune,
As he lay there contemplating the vicissitudes of life.
But too soon, though far from overjoyed, (As prophesied by Dr.
Freud)

His mind again disposed itself to thoughts about a wife.

Now the truth is poor old spermy was already in the clutches
Of senescence--though of course he wouldn't hear of such a thing.
But his chromosomes were dying, and his aftermath was lying
Tout en fatigue--he was in short, a bee without a sting.

Thus he died, another victim of ill-timed procrastination
And the cilia bowed low in deferens as end approached,
And his face grew cyanotic; but from out his lips necrotic
Came the whispered name of his true love--the ovum that was
poached.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dere cusin,

Yer uncle has a job at last, the first time he has wurked in 48 yeres.

We are rich now, 17.25 every Toosday so we sent to Sears, Robuk for wun of them there new fangled bathrooms like the folks have up north. It cam an we got her all put rite.

You shud see it. Over on one side of the room is a big long thing like the pigs drink out of, only you kin get in an take a bath all at wunce. Over in the other side of the room is a litel wite gajet hanging to the wal called a sinc. This is fur lite washin like fase an hans.

They sent us a role of riting paper, but it is kinda cheep and rips easy so I dont use it.

But over in the uther korner, WOW, they gotta thing there that you put wun foot in an skrub it til it gets clene, then you pull the chane an git fresh watter fur the uther foot.

Yurs truly,

Cusin Maryloo

P.S. Too lids cum on the foot thing an we aint got no use fur them so Ma is using wun fur a bredbord an we framed Pa's pitcher in the uther.

What is a Cow?

A cow is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, sausage, and similar objects and at last is skinned by those she has benefited, as mortals commonly are. The young cow is called a calf and is used in the manufacture of chicken salad, breaded veal, and for other purposes of which no further knowledge is necessary.

The cow's tail is mounted aft and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb marauding flies, and the tassel on the end has unique educational value. Persons coming in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force.

The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used as a warehouse and for no other function. When this one is filled, the cow retires to a quiet spot where her bad manners will occasion no comment. The raw material then conveyed for the second time to the interior of her face is pulverized and in turn delivered to the auxilliary stomach where it is converted into cow.

The cow has no upper plate. All of her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. This arrangement was perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result, she bites up and gums down.

Why?

If a felt manufacturer gets his felt twice a day
And a leather dealer gets his hide every Tuesday and Thursday
And an ice box gets a fresh piece every morning
And a table cloth gets jerked off three times daily
And a street car conductor will take any woman in town on for
10 cents,
And the boss has to get into the stenographers drawers to get
lead in his pencil,
And a mechanic screws a typewriter while the dentist puts tools
in a woman's mouth for 50 cents,
Why? Oh why the hell should a doctor charge \$3.00 for coming
once?

First prize poem (not printed) in a Carnation
canned milk contest held in down state California:

No more Goddamned teats to twitch,
No more piles of shit to pitch,
Just punch a hole in the son-of-a-bitch.

Political Speech of a Prominent Woman to the Woman's Club

We must have what the men have. It may not be very much, but we mean to have it. If we can't get it without friction, then we will have it with friction. If we cannot get it through our organization, then we will get it through our combinations, or through both if necessary.

We refuse to be poked in the gallery any longer, and insist on being placed on the floor of the house.

We are willing to look up to the men, but we don't always want to be forced or held down without making a few motions of our own.

We want to hold up our end, and show men our possibilities whenever anything arises that will fill our expectations. Nothing that comes can be too hard for us.

We women have always been interested in good movements, and will take any load that is given us.

We are willing to work under the men that have been above us in the past--even to the point of exhaustion, if necessary--but we are beginning to become disgusted with failings and shortcomings.

Never, when anything arose that required our presence and attention, have we failed to come, again and again, if the occasion required it. But, too often have our hopes and strivings been met with feeble performances which have left us disappointed and unsatisfied. How often have our efforts to push forward our ends been met in the house with the cry, "Down with the petticoats!" Now I say, "Up with the petticoats--and down with the pants!" Then we shall see things in their true light. As long as women are split the way they are, the men will be on top.

Sponge Cake

Use one banana, two nuts, one fur-lined mixing bowl,
Take two arms full of well-formed mama,
Two laughing blue eyes, two cherry lips,
Squeeze until warm, add moonlight to taste,
Then a little spooning to raise.
When good and hot then add banana,
Work up and down gently, when banana begins to cream
then add nuts.
The results will be astounding.
Two rolling blue eyes, a sigh of relief and the work
is done,
Sit out on the back porch to cool.

The Little Grey Lamb

A simple tale of long ago,
How the little grey lamb became white as snow.

On Bethlehem's hills on a winter night,
Shepherds kept watch in the cold star-light.
The sheep, safely folded, were fast asleep:
There was nought to trouble their slumber deep.
But one little grey lamb was filled with woe,
For he longed to be white as the winter snow.

Then sudden the heavens grew bright like noon,
With a light which was neither of sun nor moon.
And music rained down ineffably sweet,
As the shepherds sprang to their trembling feet.
But the sheep slumbered on through that wonderful night,
Save the little grey lamb who longed to be white.

Then forth from the skies came an angel's voice:
"Good tidings, ye shepherds! God bids you rejoice.
In Bethlehem's inn the Child ye shall see,
Who is born to make all men happy and free."
Then swiftly they journeyed the Christ Child to find,
And the little grey lamb followed closely behind.

From his little white heart rose a timid prayer:
"Is it only for men, O Baby most fair,
Thou hast cleansing from all that is sinful and bad?
Wilt Thou not heal me and make me glad?"
So he followed the shepherds and entered with them,
When they came to the stable of Bethlehem.

They entered, they worshipped, and homeward returned,
While a solemn joy in their bosoms burned:
But the little grey lamb nestled close in the hay,
Quite close to the crib where the Baby lay.
And a tiny hand stole forth from the bed,
And rested awhile on the little lamb's head.

At that touch there passed a wonderful thrill
Through the lamb as he lay by the crib so still:
He felt all his sadness melting away,
As the night mists scatter at break of day.
The little grey lamb in that holy glow
Knew he was white as the driven snow.

May the Christ Child today this blessing bestow,
That the lambs of his flock be made whiter than snow!

The Little Grey Goat

A simple tale for a Christmas bright
How a little grey goat became black as the night.

On Bethlehem's hills on a winter night,
The shepherds slept in their blankets tight,
While all around them their herds slept too,
Which seems the reasonable thing to do.
But one little grey goat lay wide awake,
So woeful it seemed his heart must break.

Then sudden the heavens grew fiercely bright
A most unusual thing at night,
And down rained music, gentle and slow,
As from an expensive radio.
But the herd slept on in its lazy way,
All save the poor little goat who was grey.

Then forth from the skies came a baritone voice,
"Effective at once, God bids you rejoice,
In Bethlehem's inn a Child you should see,
It really is worth it, admission is free."
So leaving their flocks they went on their way,
And with them the poor little goat who was grey.

From his black little heart rose a black little prayer,
"I'm rough and I'm tough and I don't like my hair,
I'll never get nowhere with it on my back,
I don't wanna be grey, I wanna be black."
So muttering thus he entered the stable,
And pushed up in front to see all he was able.

The shepherds in worship knelt down at the bed,
But the little grey goat wanted but be fed.
So while all in reverence knelt in the dirt,
The little grey goat ate the infant Christ's shirt,
And was there a row when they rose from their prayer,
To find their goat nibbling the child Jesus' hair!

At that touch there passed a wonderful shiver,
That wracked the small goat from his horns to his liver,
And all of his sadness melted to water,
Like ice cubes sat on by somebody's daughter.
For there, all at once, to everyone's sight,
The little grey goat became black as the night.

May you who Christmas verse peruse,
Be black or white, whichever you choose.

Botanical Drivel
(Original compositions of students
in the Botany Department, U.C.)

Donwald

Billy was a little goat
The Dr. got its glands
He sewed 'em up in Donny Boy
Now Donny eats tin cans!

Resemblance

Mary had a little goat
She called it Donald G.
When asked the reason for that name,
"It looks like him," said she.

To Lloyd:

When young blades would a-hunting go
They need not fret when game is slow
The gun won't rust; there'll soon be more.
But should the foray strike a "lode"
Without some care steel may corrode
So watch it lad! Don't slight the bore.

Suspect No. 6 (technically
No. 6 and No. 7)

There was a pome in Adam's time
That tempted lovely Eve to find
The joys of God's forbidden fruit.
Mary was a little lamb, not gay,
Who always turned both cheeks they say
And who am I to follow suit?

But Mary knows her Roses too
Not two but Four--to you and you--
And Mary was a lamb no more.
O sinners all, confess your sins:
The winner's he who finally wins;
O worm within that apple core!

To Don:

Though Winter winds whistle,
And Christmas is 'nigh
The fragrance of flowers
Still rises on high.

And since in one way
You turn winter to June,
Let's go it one better
To keep things in tune.

And so if you've "got it"
--And most boys seem to,
It's time to pick cherries--
Here's one for you.

O Cannoneer!
(or Aisle of Quintuplets)

O Cannoneer!

O lion who strews his manly strength
Upon a willing outstretched length:
Heat internal hard compressed
By physic's laws is outward pressed;
Before the uncocked gun can load,
The powder next your face explode,
And that expanded, does contract
And leave behind this simple fact:

A very merry, marry hairy Christmas,
you--(supply suitable salutation)

Famous Books and their Authors

| | |
|---|---|
| The Russian Lover. | .Teratitsoff |
| The Spot on the Window. | .Who Flung Dung |
| The Hole in the Snow. | .I.P. Straight |
| The Golden Stream. | .I.P. Freely |
| The Open Kimona. | .C. Moore Here Scrubbe Moore |
| The Mysterious Bag. | .Nuts Hung Low |
| The Rooster's Mistake. | .Rhoda Duck |
| The Tomcat's Revenge. | .Claude Balls |
| Back to Back. | .Willie Turner |
| The Great Exposé. | .C.R. Butts |
| African Ma ^{Maiden} | .Erasmus B. Black |
| Hurricane Valley. | .G. Howie Phartz |

Parody on Romona

Kimona, the wind is blowing 'round my knees,
Kimona, if I don't find you, I'll darn soon freeze.
I need you, I want you,
I can't go home so naked and bare.
I wish that I had brought
A swimming suit or something to wear.

Kimona, the boys are hiding in the bushes tall,
Kimona, they'll see my shape and that ain't all.
If I go home
I hope the cops will leave me alone,
Kimona, I need you,
My own.

Limericks

A certain young toreador
Had a date one night with a whore;
As he slipped his tool in
He remarked with a grin,
"Is this a cunt or a correedor?"

There was a young man from Madras
Who had both his balls turn to brass;
When he clanked them together
He could play "Stormy Weather"
And sparks would fly out of his ass.

There was a young fellow named Durkin
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin;
Said his mother, "Now Durkin,
Stop jerkin' your gherkin,
Your gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'."

There was a young man from Batavia
Whose features resembled Our Savior;
He walked down the strand
With his cock in his hand
And was jailed for indecent behavior.

There was a young girl from Cape Cod
Who reasoned that kids came from God;
Though 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nighty
But Roger, the lodger, by God!

There was a young lady from Brighton
Who went out one night with a tight one;
He said, "Oh my love,
It fits like a glove."
Said she, "--But you've not got the right one!"

There was a young girl from Decatur
Who kept a gorilla to mate her;
Though it wasn't for fun
Nor with dreams of a son,
But for anthropological dater.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew;
"The Vicar is slicker
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you.

A handsome young fellow named Paul
Had a penis excessively small;
When he fluttered a bug
On the edge of the rug
The bug never felt it at all.

A choir boy from exeter quad
Shouted, "Help! I've been buggered, by God!"
Though it wasn't Jehovah
Who turned the lad ovah
But bloody old Oscar, the sod.

There once was a man named Adair
Who was giving the works to a bear;
When the terrible brute
Took a swipe at his fruit
And left nothing there but the hair.

There was a young lady from Chitchester
With a form that made saints in their niches stir;
One morning at mass
The shape of her ass,
Made the Bishop of Chitchester's breeches stir.

There once were two ladies from Birmingham
And this is a story concerning them;
They lifted the smock
And tickled the jock
Of the Bishop who was confirming them.

But the Bishop, he was no fool
He'd been to a large public school;
He took down his breeches
And he fucked those two bitches
With his large episcopal tool.

There was a young girl from Bermuda
Who thought she was shrewd--I was shrewda.
One night on the Lido
She aroused my libido,
I wooed, she cooed, I screwda.

There was a young man from New Broom
Who led a young girl to her doom.
He undressed her and fucked her,
He buggered and sucked her,
And then made her pay for the room.

The Maharaja of Baroda
Would not pay his whore what he owed her.
With her ass flaming red,
She leaped from the bed,
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

There was a young man from St. Chasm
Who had a terrific orgasm;
In the midst of his thralls
He burst both his balls,
And covered an acre with plasm.

There was a young man from Bankok
Who tied mandolin strings to his jock;
When he had an erection
He'd play a selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady named Alice
Who pissed in a Catholic Chalice;
But it's common belief
That 'twas done for relief
And not out of Protestant malice.

From a crypt in the church of St. Giles,
Came a cry that resounded for miles.
Said a friar, "Good gracious!
Our brother Ignacius,
Has forgotten the Bishop has piles."

There was a young lady from France
Who boarded a train in a trance;
The engineer fucked her
So did the conductor
While the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a handsome young buck
Who attempted a virgin to fuck;
The hole was too small
Where he put in his awl,
And, sad to relate, he got stuck.

In the midst of this struggle and strife
Her father walked into his life;
With a furious yell,
He severed them well,
With the aid of a castrating knife.

A certain young girl from Seattle
Made a habit of sucking off cattle;
'Till a bull from the South
Shot a wad in her mouth,
That made even her ovaries rattle.

A habit obscure and unsavory
Kept a man from Southampton in slavery
With lecherous howls
He deflowered young owls,
Which he kept in an underground aviary.

While Titian was using rose-madder,
His model was climbing a ladder;
Her position, to Titian
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had her.

There was a Victorian miss
Who thought it the acme of bliss;
To rub herself silly
With the bud of a lily,
And go out in the garden and piss.

A lesbian girl from Khartoum
Took a pansy boy up to her room;
Before starting the night
He said, "Let's get this right,
Who does which, and with what, and to whom?"

There was a young plumber named Dee,
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea;
Said the girl, "Stop plumbing,
I hear someone coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was a young man from Malay,
Who fashioned a twat out of clay;
But it wasn't so slick
For it turned into brick,
And took off his foreskin, they say.

There was an old hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave;
He said, "I'll admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine,
Both concave and convex
It would fit either sex,
And besides, it was easy to clean.

There was a young Bey from Algiers
Who said to his harem, "My dears,
I know you'll think it odd of me,
But I've given up sodomy,
Tonight I'll have fucking."--Loud Cheers!

There was a young lady from Spain
Who was ravished again and again;
And again and again
And again and again
And again and again and again.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a delirious feeling,
She lay on her back
And opened her crack,
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young Dutchman from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent;
So to save himself trouble
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it;
Said he with a grin
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There was a young fellow from Basal
Who found a remarkable fossil;
He knew by the bend
And the kink in the end,
It was that of St. Paul, the Apostle.

There was a young couple named Kelley
Who were forced to walk belly to belly;
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a cocksucker named Leif
Who pushed the skin back with his teeth;
He adopted this measure
Not only for pleasure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Dundee,
Who buggered an ape up a tree;
The result was most horrid
All chin and no forehead,
Three balls, and a purple goatee.

There was a young lady named Rhoda
Who lived in a chinese pagoda;
And the walls of its halls
Were bedecked with the balls
Of the tools of the fools who bestrode 'er.

On the bridge stood the Bishop of Buckingham
Thinking of teats and of sucking 'em;
Watching the stunts
Of the cunts in the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks who were fucking them.

There was a young man of St. Claire,
Who diddled his girl in a chair,
On the forty-ninth stroke
The furniture broke,
And his gun went off in the air.

There was a young girl from Detroit
Who at fucking was very adroit;
She could contract her vagina
To a pin point or fina
Or throw it out wide like a quoit.

There was a young monk from Siberia,
Whose life got wearia and wearia;
With a whoop and a yell
He escaped from his cell,
And buggered the father superia.

There was a young man from Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been borne;
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the condom was torn.

There was a young fellow named Hyde
Who fell in an outhouse and died;
He had a brother
Who fell in another,
And now they're in terd side by side.

There was a young man from Salinas
Who boasted a very long penis,
And believe it or not
When he lay on a cot,
It would stretch from Suisun to Bolinas.

There was a young lady from Reno
Who lost all her dough playing keeno;
So she lay on her back
And opened her crack,
And now she owns the casino.

Said the beautiful Madam Lepescu,
As she came to Rumania's rescue,
"To be under a King
Is a very fine thing;
Is democracy better, I esk you?"

A young man of high social station
Was found by a pious relation;
On top, in a ditch,
Of, we won't say a bitch,
But a person of no education.

There once was a fellow named Skinner
Who invited a young girl to dinner,
At his rooms, they arranged
That the project be changed
So not dinner but Skinner went in her.

There was a young lady named Schuster
Who thought some one had seduced her
She woke with a scream,
But 'twas only a dream,
A bump in the mattress had goosed her.

There was a comptroller named Mattis
Who by our testicles had us,
"If you don't suck my cock,
I'll tell Mrs. Bok,
And you'll never get anything gratis."

There was a young couple from Twistwith
Who coupled the organs they /kissed with
And as they grew older,
They grew bolder and bolder
And coupled the organs they pissed with.

I am the king of Siam
For women I give not a damn
My prride and my joy
Is a rrround bottomed boy,
They call me a fairy--I am.

On the breast of Charlotte the Harlot
Was printed the price of her tail
And on her behind,
For the aid of the blind
It was also printed in braille.

A bishop named Father McGee
Went down in an alley to pee.
He said, "Pax Vobiscum,
Why doesn't the piss come?"
"Or have I the C-L-A-P?"

A certain young student of art,
Made a large anatomical chart;
Though his style was quite cubic
His interest was pubic,
So it turned out to look like a tart.

Said the charming young Sappho of Greece,
"The thing I love more than a piece,
Is to have my pudenda
Carressed by the tender
Affectionate tongue of my niece."

A charming young student of John's
Oneddy was coddling the swans
Said the loyal hall porter,
"Sir, pray take my daughter,
The swans are reserved for the dons."

There was a young person named Barrage
Whose morals were much to disparage
He knocked up his mother
And sucked off his brother,
And lapped up his sister's miscarriage.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Caressing the loins of his madam.

In his heart there was mirth
For in all this wide earth,
There were only two balls,---and he had 'em.

I went to the Duchess for tea
She said, "Do you fart when you pee?"
I replied with some wit,
"Do you belch when you shit?"
And thought it was one up for me.

There was a young girl from Boston Mass
Who went into the ocean up to her ankles.
I know it doesn't rhyme now,
But just wait until the tide comes in.

There was a young man from the War Office
Who dated a girl from a Whore Office.
The girl without pause
Drew off her drawers,
And the man from the War Office tore off his.

There was a young nudist from Putnam
Whose tool caught in doors upon shuttin' 'em.
He said that, "perchance,
It would help to wear pants
If I just could remember to button 'em.

There was a young fellow from Boston
Who took his girl out in an Austin.
There was room for the lass
And for part of his ass
But his balls hung out back and he lost 'em.

There once was a man from Podjuanami
Who was skilled both at rape and at sodomy
To the judge at his trial
He said with a smile,
"Dos tings, dey just never do bodder me."

There was a young woman of Sparta
Who was a most excellent farter.
She could toot with her ass
Bach's B minor Mass
Or Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

A lass of doubtful nativity
Had an ass of extreme sensitivity.
She could sit on the lap
Of a Nazi or Jap
And detect fifth column activity.

A president called Gambetta
Once used an imperfect French ~~letter~~,
This was not the worst,
With disease he got cursed
And he took a long time to get better.

There was a young girl from Vistula
To whom a friend said "Jeff has kissed you, ha!"
She said "Yes by god!
But my arse he can't sod,
Because I am troubled with fistula."

There was an old Chinaman drunk
Who went for a sail in his junk,
He was dreaming of Venus
And tickling his penis,
'Til he floated away in the spunk.

There was a young man of Kashmir
Who purchased a fine Bayadere;
He fucked all her toes,
Her mouth, eyes, and her nose
And eventually poxed her left ear.

There was a young party of Bicister
Who wanted to bugger his sister,
But not liking dirt
He bought him a squirt,
And cleaned out her arse with a clyster.

There was a young man of King's Cross,
Who amused himself frigging a horse,
Then, licking the spend
Which still dripped from the end,
He said "It tastes just like anchovy sauce."

There is a new Baron of Wokingham
The girls say he don't care fer poking 'em.
Preferring "Minetti";
Which is pleasant, but yet
There is one disadvantage, his choking 'em.

There was an Archbishop of Rhiems
Who played with himself in his dreams;
On his night-shirt in front
He painted a cunt,
Which made his spend gush forth in streams.

There was a young man of Newminister Court
Bugged a pig, but his prick was too short;
Said the hog "It's not nice,
But pray take my advice,
Make tracks or by the police you'll be caught."

A parson who lived near Cremorne
Looked down on all women with scorn.
E'en a boy's fat white bum
Could not make him come;
But an old man's piles gave him a horn.

A cheerful old part of Hucknow
Remarked "I should just like a fuck now."
So he had one and spent
And said "I'm content;
By no means am I so cunt-struck now.

There was a young man of Peru
Who lived upon clap juice and spew
When these palled to his taste
He tried some turd paste
And said that was very good, too.

There was a young girl of Ostend
Who her maidenhead tried to defend,
But a Chasseur D'Afrique
Inserted his prick
And taught that ex-maid how to spend.

There was a young man from Calcutta
Who tried to write "Cunt" on a shutter.
When he got to C-U
A pious Hindu
Knocked him arse over head in the gutter.

There was a young man from Ostend
Whose wife caught him fucking a friend.
"It's no use my duck
Interrupting our fuck
For I'm damned if I'll draw 'til I spend.

There was a young man of Wood Green
Who tried to fart "God save the Queen"
When he reached the soprano
He shot forth his guano
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

There was a young lady of Troy
Who invented a new kind of joy.
She sugared her quim
Both outside and in,
And then had it licked by a boy.

There was a young man of Santander
Who tried hard to bugger a gander,
But the virtuous bird
Plugged his prick with a turd
And refused to such low tastes to pander.

There was a young farmer of Nant
Whose conduct was gay and gallant;
He fucked all his dozens
Of nieces and cousins
In addition, of course, to his aunt.

There was an old man of Tantivy
Who followed his son to the privy;
He lifted the lid
To see what he did,
And found that it smelt of capivi.

There was a young man of this Nation
Who didn't much like fornication;
When asked, "Do you fuck?"
He said, "No, I just suck
Womens' quims, and I like masturbation."

There was an old person named Sark
Who buggered a pig in the dark;
The swine, in surprise
Murmured, "God damn your eyes,
Do you take me for Boulton or Park?"

There was a young lady of Gaza
Who shaved her cunt clean with a razor;
The crabs in a lump
Made tracks to her rump,
Which proceeding did greatly amaze her.

There was a young lass of Surat
The checks of whose arse were so fat
They had to be parted
Whenever she farted
And also, 'whenever she shat.

There was a young parson of Elton
Who seldom fucked whores, but oft felt 'em;
In the lane he would linger
And play at "stick-finger"
And then on the way home he smelt 'em.

There was a gay parson of Looting
Whose roe he was frequently shooting
'Til he married a lass
With a face like my ass
And a cunt you could put a top-boot in.

A learned divine down at Buckingham
Wrote a treatise on cunts and on fucking 'em;
And a learned Pharisee
Taught him Gamahuche
So he added a chapter on sucking 'em.

There was a young lady of Harrow
Who complained that her cunt was too narrow;
For times without number
She would use a cucumber
But could not accomplish a marrow.

There was a young lady of Glasgow
And fondly her lover did ask "Oh
Pray allow me a fuck."
But she said, "No, my duck,
But you may, if you please, up my arse go."

There was a young man with the art
Of making a capital tart
With a handful of shit
Some snot and some spit,
And he'd flavor the whole with a fart.

There was a young lady of Treedle
Who sat down in Church on a needle;
The needle, not blunt,
Penetrated her cunt,
But was promptly removed by the Beadle.

There was a young girl of Newcastle
Whose charms were declared universal;
While one man in front
Fucked into her cunt,
Another one worked on her arsehole.

There was a young parson of Goring
Who made a small hole in the flooring;
He lined it all 'round
Then laid on the ground,
And declared it was cheaper than whoring.

There was a young lass of Dalkeeth
Who frigged a young man with her teeth
She complained that he stunk
Not so much from the spunk,
But his arsehole was just underneath.

There was a young Jew of Torbay
Who buggered his father one day;
Said he "I'd much rather
Thus bugger my father
Because there is nothing to pay."

There was a gay parson of Norton
Whose prick, although thick, was a short 'un;
To make up for this loss
He had balls like a hoss,
And never spent less than a quart-urn.

There was a young man at the Cape
On a maiden committed a rape;
She said, "You damned shit,
You can't fuck a bit,
And you're knocking my arse out of shape."

There was a young parson of Harridge
Tried to grind his betrothed in a carriage;
She said, "No, you young goose,
Just try self abuse,
And the other we'll save 'til our marriage."

There was a young man of St. Paul's
Who had the most useless of balls;
'Til at last, at the Strand,
He managed a stand,
And tossed himself off in the stalls.

There was a young man of Berlin
Whom disease had despoiled of his skin;
But he said with much pride
"Though deprived of my hide,
I still can enjoy a put in."

There was a young woman of Cheedle
Who once gave the clap to a Beadle.
Said she, "Does it itch?"
"It does, you damned bitch,
And it burns like hell-fire when I peedle."

There was a young man of Rangoon
Who farted and filled a balloon;
The baloon went so high
It stuck in the sky,
And stank out the Man-in-the-Moon.

There was a young man dressed in tweed
Who sucked his wife's arse through a reed;
When she had diarrhea
He'd let none come near her
For fear they would poach on his feed.

There was an old man of Balbrigginn
Who cunt juice was frequently swiggin'
But even to this
He preferred tom-cats' piss,
Which he kept a poxed nigger to frig in.

A cabman who drove in Biarritz
Once frightened a fare into fits;
When reproved for a fart,
He said, "God bless yer heart,
When I breaks wind I usually shits."

A young woman got married at Chester
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her
She said "You're in luck,
He's a stunning good fuck,
For I've had him myself down in Liecester."

There was a young fellow from Rheims
Who was greatly annoyed by wet dreams
So he saved up a dozen
To send to his cousin
She ate them and thought they were creams.

There was a young fellow from Florida
Who liked a man's wife so he borrowed her.
He said with a sigh,
With his hand on her thigh,
"This isn't a cunt, it's a corridor."

There was a strong man of Drumrig
Who one day did seven times frig;
He buggered three sailors,
A jew and two tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an Old Man of the Mountain
Who frigged himself into a fountain;
Fifteen times had he spent
Still he wasn't content,
He simply was wearied of countin'.

There was a young man of Nantucket
Who went down a well in a bucket;
The last words he spoke
Before the rope broke,
Were: "Arsehole, you bugger and suck it."

There was an old man of Connort
Whose prick was remarkably short
When he got into bed,
His old woman said,
"This isn't a prick, it's a wart."

There was a gay countess of Bray
And you might think it odd when I say,
That in spite of high station,
Birth, and education,
She always spelt "cunt" with a "K".

There was an old parson of Lundy
Fell asleep in his vestry on Sunday;
He awake with a scream
"What! Another wet dream!"
This comes of not frigging since Monday.

There was a young bride of Antigua
Whose husband said, "Dear me, how big you are."
Said the girl "What damned rot!
Why, you've oft felt my twat,
My legs, and my arse, and my figua."

Il y avait un jeune homme de Dijon,
Que n'avait que peu de religion.

Il dit: "Quant à moi,
Je déteste tous les trois,
Le Père, et le Fils, et le Pigeon--

There was a young girl of Spitzbergen,
Whose people all thought her a virgin,
Till they found her in bed,
With her quin very red,
And the head of a kid just emergin'.

There was an old man at the Terminus,
Whose bush and whose bum were all verminous.
They said: "You sale Boche!
You really must wash
Before you start planting your sperm in us."

There was a young plumber of Leigh,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
When she said, "Some one's coming!"
He answered (still plumbing):
"If any one's coming, it's me."

There was an old girl from Kilkenny,
Whose usual charge was a penny.
For the half of that sum
You might roger her bum--
A source of amusement to many.

That naughty old Sappho of Greece
Said: "What I prefer to a piece
Is to have my pudenda
Rubbed hard by the enda
The little pink nose of my niece."

There were two young men of Cawnpore,
Who buggared and fucked the same whore.
But the partition split,
And the spunk and the shit
Rolled out in great lumps on the floor.

There was a young girl of Pitlochry,
Who was had by a man in a rockery.
She said: "Oh! You've come
All over my bum;
This isn't a fuck--it's a mockery."

There was a young lady at sea,
Who complained that it hurt her to pee.
Said the brawny old mate:
"That accounts for the fate
Of the cook, and the captain, and me."

There was a young man of Newcastle,
Who tied up a shit in a parcel,
And sent it to Spain
With a note to explain
That it came from his grandmother's arsell.

There was a young mate of a lugger,
Who took out a girl just to hug her.
"I've my monthlies," she said,
"And a cold in the head,
But my bowels work well....do you buggar?"

There was a young woman who lay
With her legs wide apart in the hay.
Then, calling a ploughman,
She said: "Do it now, man!
Don't wait till your hair has turned grey!"

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose balls were of different sizes.
One was so small,
It was nothing at all;
The other took numerous prizes.

There was a young man of Australia,
Who painted his bum like a dahlia.
The drawing was fine,
The color divine,
The scent--ah! That was a failure.

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.
Just for a whim
He dressed up as a quim,
And was had by the dog in the hall.

There was an old man of Brienzen,
The length of whose cock was immense.
With one swerve he could plug
A boy's bottom in Zug
And a kitchen-maid's cunt in Coblenz.

There was an old man of Corfu,
Who fed upon cunt-juice and spew.
When he couldn't get this,
He fed upon piss--
And a bloody good substitute, too.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said, as the curate withdrew:
"I prefer the dear vicar;
He's longer and thicker;
Besides, he comes quicker than you."

There was a young girl of Penzance,
Who boarded a bus in a trance.
The passengers fucked her,
Likewise the conductor;
The driver shot off in his pants.

There was an old man of the Cape,
Who buggared a Barbary ape.
The ape said, "You fool!
You've got a square tool;
You've buggared my arse out of shape."

There was an old man of Stamboul
With a varicose vein in his tool.
In attempting to come
Up a little boy's bum
It burst, and he did look a fool.

There was a young curate of Buckingham,
Who was blamed by the girls for not fucking 'em.
He said: "Though my cock
Is as hard as a rock,
Your cunts are too slack. Put a tuck in 'em."

There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Who regretted that men had no prick in 'em.
On her knees every day
To God she would pray
To lengthen, and strengthen, and thicken 'em.

There was an old Abbot of Khief,
Who thought the Impenitent Thief
Had bollocks of brass,
And an amethyst arse.
He died in this awful belief.

There was a young fellow called Grant,
Who was made like the Sensitive Plant.

When asked: "Do you fuck?"

He replied: "No such luck!"
I would if I could, but I can't."

There was a young girl of Samoa,
Who determined that no one should know her.

One young fellow tried,
But she wriggled aside,
And spilled all the spermatozoa.

There was a young lady of Thun,
Who was blocked by the Man in the Moon.

"Well, it has been great fun,"

She remarked when he'd done,
"But I'm sorry you came quite so soon."

There was an old man who could piss
Through a ring--and, what's more, never miss.

People came by the score

And bellowed: "Encore!"

Won't you do it again, Sir? Bis! Bis!"

There was a young man of Peru,
Who was hard up for something to do.

So he took out his carrot,

And buggared his parrot,

And sent the results to the Zoo.

There was a young monk of Siberia,
Who of frigging grew weary and wearier.

At last, with a yell,

He burst from his cell,

And buggared the Father Superior?

There was a young lady of Slough,
Who said that she didn't know how.

Then a young fellow caught her,

And jolly well taught her--

She lodges in Pimlico now.

There was a young Royal Marine,
Who tried to fart, "God save the Queen."

When he reached the soprano

Out came the guano,

And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

There was a young girl who would make
Advances to snake after snake.

She said: "I'm not vicious,
But so superstitious!
I do it For Grandmama's sake."

There was an old man of Madrid,
Who cast loving eyes on a kid.

He said: "Oh, my joy!
I'll buggar that boy
You see if I don't." --and he did.

There was a young fellow called Gary,
Who got fucking the Virgin Mary.

And Christ was so bored
At seeing Ma whored
That he set himself up as a fairy.

There was a young lady named Skinner,
Who dreamed that her lover was in her.

She woke with a start,
And let a loud fart,
Which was followed by luncheon and dinner.

I dined with the Duchess of Lee,
Who asked: "Do you fart when you pee?"

I said with some wit:
"Do you belch when you shit?"
And felt it was one up to me.

There was an old buggar of Come,
Who suddenly cried: "Ecce Homo!"

He tracked his man down
To the heart of the town,
And gobbled him off in the duomo.

Said the venerable Dean of St. Paul's:
"Concerning them cracks in the walls--

Do you think it would do,
If we filled them with glue?"
The Bishop of Lincoln said: "Balls!"

There was a young man of Peru,
Who dreamt he was had by a Jew.

He woke up at night
In the Hell of a fright,
And found it was perfectly true.

There was a young man of Madras,
Who was having a boy in the grass,
When a cobra-capello
Said: "Hello, young fellow!"
And bit a piece out of his arse.

There was a young lady of Louth,
Who returned from a trip in the South.
Her father said: "Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in at your mouth."

The girls who frequent picture-palaces
Set no store by psychoanalysis.
And though Mr. Freud
Is greatly annoyed,
They cling to their old-fashioned phalluses.

There was a young man of Loch Leven,
Who went for a walk about seven.
He fell into a pit
That was brinful of shit,
And now the poor buggar's in Heaven.

Then up spake the Bey of Algiers:
"I am old and well stricken in years,
And my language is blunt;
But, a cunt is a cunt,
And fucking is fucking."--(loud cheers)

Then up spake the young King of Spain:
"To fuck and to buggar is pain.
But it's not infra dig.
On occasion to frig,
And I do it again and again.

There was a young lady of Treedle
Who sat down in church on a needle,
The needle, not blunt,
Penetrated her cunt,
But was promptly removed by the beadle.

There was a young girl of Newcastle
Whose charms were declared universal
While one man in front
Fucked into her cunt,
Another one worked on her arsehole.

There was a young parson of Goring
Who made a small hole in the flooring,
He lined it all 'round,
Then laid on the ground
And declared it was cheaper than whoring.

There was a young lass of Dalkeeth
Who frigged a young man with her teeth.
She complained that he stunk
Not so much from the spunk,
But his arsehole was just underneath.

There was a young Jew of Torbay
Who buggered his father one day.
Said he "I'd much rather
Thus bugger my father
Because there is nothing to pay."

There was a gay parson of Norton
Whose prick, although thick, was a short 'un.
To make up for this loss
He had balls like a hoss,
And never spent less than a quart-urn.

There was a young lady named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And part of her anus near Dallas.

There was a young man named DeVries
Who was necking his girl on his knees.
He said, "When we kiss,
You may hold on to this,
But be very careful of these."

A boy and a girl from St. Stephen
A phone booth used for some teamin".
He made his connection,
A super-erection,
They drowned in eight feet of semen.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose morals were slightly inferior
He did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother Superior.

A blasphemous bucko named Boke
Thought civilization a joke
Said he, "Clothes primeval
Are the cure for all evil,
If I don't shed this necktie, I'll choke."

There was a young bishop of Birmingham
Who ravished young girls while confirming 'em.
With liturgical chants,
He would lower their pants
And inject the episcopal sperm in 'em.

A pallid young man of Great Falls
Read Harpers Bazaar and McCalls.
And, filled with a passion
For the Haute monde of fashion
He knitted a snood for his balls.

There was a young lady of Natchez
Whose clothing was always in patches
When acquaintances made comments
On the state of her garments
She said, "Where I itches, I scratches."

There was a young lady of Bangor
Who slept in a schooner at anchor.
She awoke in dismay
To hear the mate say,
"Let's raise up the top sheet and spanker."

A young nurse and a colonel named Crandall
To be sure and avoid a great scandal
Each took a drink,
He pulled off in the sink
And she diddled herself with a candle.

A pretty young blond named Nehru
Decided to learn how to screw.

After two weeks of friggin
With Joseph McGiggen
She found that she'd learned nothing new.

There was a young lady from Sidney
Who could take it clear up to her kidney
A young man from Quebec
Pushed it up to her neck
Now he had a big one, didn't he?

There was a young girl from Seattle
Whose pleasure was sucking off cattle
But a bull from the south
got it stuck in her mouth
And made both of her ovaries rattle.

There was a young lady named Blaine
Whose face was exceedingly plain,
But her ass had a pucker
That made the boys fuck 'er
Again and again and again.

There was a young fellow from Sparta
Who was a phenomenal farter
On one plate of beans,
He'd play "God save the Queen"
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There was a young lady of Thrace
Whose corsets grew harder to lace.
Her mother said, "Nellie,
There's more in your belly.
Than ever came in through your face."

There was a young fellow named Hansel
Whose tool was as sharp as a pencil
He went through his mistress,
Two sheets, and a mattress
And punctured the bedroom utensil.

There was a young fellow named Tencil
Whose penis was sharp as a pencil
He went through an actress,
Two sheets and a mattress
And fractured the bedroom utensil.

There was a young maid of Samoa
Who allowed her best boy-friend to know her;
At the height of his stride
She slipped deftly aside
And spilled all his spermatozoa.

There was a young lady at Sea
Who found it grew painful to pee;
"Aha!" said the mate,
"That accounts for the state
Of the Captain, the Purser, and Me!"

There was a young fellow named Milda
Who met a young lady named Hilda.
He said that he could,
And he should, and he would.
And he did, and he goddam near killed her.

There once was a maid from Siam
Who said to her love, young Kiam:
"If you make me, of course
You will have to use force,
But God knows you're stronger than I am."

A clandestine lady named Maude
Managed to earn room and board.
Someone asked on the sly
How she ever got by.
She replied, "It's quite simple, I hoard."

I once had a classmate named Guesser
Whose knowledge got lesser and lesser,
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all--
And now he's a college professor.

A Bostonian sub-deb named Brooks,
Whose hobby was reading sex books,
Ensnared her a Cabot
Who looked like a rabbit
And deftly lived up to his looks.

A young girl of doubtful nativity
Had an ass of extreme sensitivity
She could sit on the lap
Of a Nazi or Jap
And detect fifth column activity.

There was a young man from Calcutta
Who greased up his tonsils with butter
Thus converting his snore
From a horrible roar
To a soft oleaginous mutter.

There was a young bride of Antigua
Whose husband said "Dear me, how big you are."
Said the girl, "What damned rot!
Why, you've oft felt my twat,
My legs and my arse, and my figua."

There was a strong man of Drumrig
Who one day did seven times frig.
He buggered four sailors,
A couple of tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an Old Man of the Mountain
Who jacked himself into a fountain.
Fifteen times had he spent,
Still he wasn't content.
He simply got tired of countin'.

There was an old man of Connort
Whose prick was remarkably short
When he got into bed,
His old woman said,
"This isn't a prick, it's a wart."

There was an old parson of Lundy
Fell asleep in his vestry on Sunday.
He awoke with a scream,
"What! Another wet dream!
This comes of not frigging since Monday."

There was a young man from the Cape
On a maiden committed a rape.
She said "You damned shit,
You can't fuck a bit,
And you're knocking my arse out of shape."

There was a young fellow named Harridge
Tried to grind his betrothed in a carriage
She said "No, you young goose,
Just try self abuse,
And the other we'll save 'til our marriage."

There was a young man of St. Paul's
Possessed the most useless of balls
 'Til at last, at the Strand,
 He managed a stand,
And tossed himself off in the stalls.

There was a young man of Berlin
Whom disease had despoiled of his skin
 But he said with much pride,
 "Though deprived of my hide,
I still can enjoy a put in."

There was a young woman of Cheedle
Who once gave the clap to a beadle,
 Said she "Does it itch?"
 "It does, you damned bitch,
And it burns like hell-fire when I piddle."

There was a young man of Rangoon
Who farted and filled a balloon
 The balloon went so high
 It stuck in the sky
And stank out the Man in the Moon.

There was a young man dressed in tweed
Who sucked his wife's arse through a reed.
 When she had diarrhoea
 He'd let none come hear her
For fear they would poach on his feed.

There was an old man of Balbriggan
Who cunt-juice was frequently swiggin'
 But even to this
 He preferred tom-cats' piss,
Which he kept a poxed nigger to frig in.

A cabman who drove in Biarritz
Once frightened a fare into fits.
 When reproved for a fart,
 He said, "God bless yer heart,
When I breaks wind I usually shits."

A young woman got married at Chester
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her.
 She said "You're in luck,
 He's a stunning good fuck,
For I've had him myself down in Liecester.

There was a young fellow from Rheims
Who was greatly annoyed by wet dreams.
So he saved up a dozen
To send to his cousin.
She ate them and thought they were creams.

There was a young fellow from Florida
Who liked a man's wife so he borrowed her.
He said with a sigh,
And his hand on her thigh,
"This isn't a cunt, it's a corridor!"

There was a young man from Calaise
Who took his girl out in a sleigh,
The affair was quite spicy
But his balls were so icy
That all he could shoot was parfait.

There was a young lady named Corrigan
Who was mistress to J. Pierpont Morgan.
But she handed the banker
A terrible shanker,
And now she's just a plain whore again.

There was a young gaucho named Bruno
Who said, "Love is one thing I do know,
The sheep, she is fine,
The woman--divine!
But the llama es numero uno!"

There was a young man from Rangoon
Whose farts could be heard on the moon,
They'd roar down his rectum,
When he least would expect 'em,
And burst like an Indian typhoon.

There was an old woman named Vick
Who was sucking a coal heaver's prick,
She said, "I don't funk
At a mouthfull of spunk,
But the smell of your arse makes me sick."

There was a young man from Rangoon
Who was born seven months too soon
He hadn't the luck
To be born from a fuck,
But was scraped from the sheet with a spoon.

There was a young lady from Exeter
And all the young men craned their necks at her.
But one more brave,
Would take out and wave
The distinguishing sign of his sex at her.

There was a young lady of Glasgow
And fondly her lover did ask, "Oh
Pray allow me a fuck."
But she said, "No, my dück,
But you may, if you please, up my arse go."

There was a young man with the art
Of making a marvellous tart
With a handfull of shit,
Some snot and some spit,
And he'd flavor the whole with a fart.

There was a young parson of Elton
Who seldom fucked whores, but oft felt 'em.
In the lane he would linger
And play at "stick-finger"
And then on the way home he smelt 'em.

There was a gay parson of Looting
Whose roe he was frequently shooting
'Til he married a lass
With a face like my arse
And a cunt you could put a top-boot in.

There was a young fellow from Boston
Who bought himself an old Austin
He had room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung down and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Bombay
Who liked to jack off in a sleigh
The air was so frigid
It froze his balls rigid
And all he could shoot was frappe.

There was a young man named Adair
Who was screwing his girl on the stair
On the 29th stroke
The bannister broke
So he polished her off in midair.

There was a woman from Worchester
Who thought a GI had seduced her.

She awoke with a scream
And found in her dream
A loose spring in the mattress had goosed her.

There was a young lady named Wilde
Who kept herself pure, undefiled
By thinking of Jesus
The social diseases
And what she would do with a child.

There was a young man from Cape Horn
Who wished that he'd never been born
And he wouldn't have been
But the rubber was thin
And in one little place it was torn.

There was a young man from Biarritz
Who planted an acre of tits
They came up in the fall
Pink nipples and all
And he leisurely chewed them to bits.

There was a young man from Deprises
Whose balls were of different sizes.
One was so small
It was nothing at all
And the other took numerous prizes.

There was a young bishop from Dee
Who stood taking a pee neath a tree
He said, "Pax vobiscum,
I can't make the piss come,
I must have the C-L-A-P."

There was a young count from Slavoda
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savoir faire
She mounted a chair
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

There was a young man from St. Paul
Whose tool was exceedingly small
It was all right for key holes
And little girls pee holes
But for fucking it was no good at all.

There was a young whore from Australia
Who painted her twat like a dahlia
The colors were fine
In symmetric design
But the smell was a horrible failure.

There was a young lady of fashion
Who had oodles and oodles of passion
As she jumped into bed
To her lover she said
"This is one thing that bastard can't ration."

There was a young man from Rabaul
Who had a hexagonal ball.
The sum of its weight
Times the square root of eight
Was equal to no ball at all.

A sexy young lady from Ransom
Had forty affairs with her handsome.
When she asked for some more
A voice from the floor
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."